NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GASPARIN ON THE WAR.

AMERICA BEFORE EUROPE. By Count Agenor de Gasparin. Translated from the French, by Mary L. Booth. 12mo. pp. 419. Charles Scribner.

Among the few European writers who have taken a dispassionate and intelligent view of the great social questions involved in the present struggle, Count de Gasparin holds a conspicuous place, not less by the extent of his information, and his sagacious insight, than by the dignity and weight of his personal character. He is sometimes at fault in his statement of unessential details, but always circumspect, comprehensive in his observations, deliberate in his judgments, with great fairness of argument, and although fervid in expression, never heated into extravagance, nor losing his presence of mind in enthusiastic generalities. With a generous love of America, he is not blind to her faults; he clearly perceives the weak points in the character and institutions of the country; but they do not shake his faith in the grandeur of her destiny. His sympathies are warmly and exclusively with the North in the existing conflict; he fully appreciates its character as a struggle between Freedom and Slavery; and with a heartfelt faith in the justice of our cause, does not permit himself to doubt of its complete success.

In the volume before us, which may be regarded as the sequel to his previous essay on the uprising of the American people, Count de Gasparin discusses the relation of Europe, especially of England, to the present crisis, considers some prevalent errors which have acted unfavorably on European public opinion, points out the true interests of Europe in this country, and concludes his work with a glowing and impressive appeal to Americans on the momentous import of the contest in which they are engaged.

With regard to the attitude of Europe, Count de Gasparin explains its character by the assumption of superiority and patronage which she has attempted to exercise toward this country. Europe took it for granted, from the commencement of the American struggle, that the affair was her own, in which she had a perfect right to interfere. Her conduct throughout has been the legitimate result of this principle. If Europe had not believed herself called to lord it over America, she would have remained faithful to her natural mission. Whatever her anticipations of the issue of this crisis, she would have known no government, but that of the United States. She would have seen nothing in this civil war but a struggle between the regular Government and the rebels, between the adversaries and champions of the extension of Slavery. Had it not been for the gross falsehood of a premature decision of the question, the sympathies of European opinion would have been displayed in their full truth. She would have cordially wished success to the great people of the United States, which is destined to so noble a career on earth. She would have execrated this rebellion, unparalleled in its infamy, unique in its presumption and defiance, challenging alike the precepts of the Gospel and the principles of modern civilization. She would have made the advocates of Slavery clearly understand the reception that awaited them on European ground. Nothing could restrain her repugnance to the ringleaders of the South, who, because they have been defeated in an election, call their fellow-citizens to arms, fire on the flag of their country, attack the free Government to which they had sworn allegiance, and attempt to found a new State on the corner-stone of Slavery.

England, especially, has shared in this presumptuous and haughty feeling of dictatorship toward the United States. Neither cotton nor the tariff can explain the bitterness of her hatred toward the offspring of her own family. Her position is founded on the maxim that the maritime preponderance of England exacts the abasement of the United States. There are men in England who detest Americans as cordially as their ancestors did at the close of the Revolutionary war. There are some who delight in the spectacle of two rival races constantly engaged in attempting to devour each other. They even enjoy a charming vision of a Southern protectorate, or perhaps a united kingdom of England, Ireland, and America, with a national church and all the appendages of a monarchical establishment. But this is not the whole explanation of the matter. The great motive which stimulates the hostility of England is the attacks which have been made on her institutions in the name of those of the United States. In the failure of the American cause, she sees the failure of Mr. Bright and the Radical party.

But in spite of the false position assumed by the European Powers, the cause of Freedom, according to Count de Gasparin, is destined to a certain and speedy triumph. No one can prevent the downfall of Slavery. But it is important that this should be effected as a measure of the American Government. Slavery, as the great enemy and obstacle to reconciliation, should receive its death blow. "Let its slow and progressive extinction be proclaimed," says Gasparin, "this is natural; "let an indemnity be accorded—this is excellent policy; but let no half-way measures be adopted. Half-way measures embitter; thorough measures have in themselves a tranquillizing power." But if, contrary to all appearances, Congress and the President should put an end to the rebellion without putting an end to Slavery—if the cause of the evil should survive, America would pay dear for such an error. The great question for more than a year has been, Whether Slavery will kill the Union, or the Union kill Slavery. Durable peace cannot be enjoyed by the American people until it has nobly, and without compromise, done its whole duty to the cause of Freedom.

Count de Gasparin, however, is not in favor of revolutionary measures for the abolition of Slavery. He does not believe that emancipation would gain anything by being effected too rapidly. The scheme, which has been proposed, of suppressing the States that have taken part in the rebellion, and reducing them to the position of Territories, he regards as extravagant and unnecessary. A series of moderate measures would accomplish the object without a violent interference with the internal affairs of the South. Let the Fugitive-Slave Law be abrogated, the domestic slave-trade prohibited, no new slave State hereafter admitted to the Union, and indemnity offered to such States as shall decree progressive emancipation, the work is in fact performed. Freedom would be firmly established, and Slavery have breathed its last.

With regard to the immediate effects of emancipation, the views of the author are not only cheerful, but sanguine. In spite of the grave difficulties which accompany every transition on a large scale, he believes the prosperity of the country would be immeasurably enhanced by the prevalence of universal freedom. A great people would be interested in reviving the culture of the South. The resources of industry would constantly increase. The employment of European workmen would be facilitated by the introduction of improved machinery and processes, while for a certain number of years Slavery itself would furnish the labor which could not at once be found elsewhere.

But enfranchisement will be in vain, if the prejudice of color is permitted to continue. To transform the slave into a Pariah would be small progress. It is not the question to throw upon the sidewalks of great cities a multitude of unfortunates, deprived of the rights belonging to every citizen, and doomed to wretchedness and degradation; nor to undertake a gigantic transportation, hurling violently on some corner of the earth, where they would speedily be subjected to an exceptional regime, these four millions of liberated bondmen. It will not do to be just by halves. Those who do good are under the happy obligation of being unable to stop on the road, and of going further than they had first intended. America is bound to go on to the end of her glorious enterprise.

Count de Gasparin is well known both in Europe and America as a Protestant Christian of the strictest Evangelical school. In the conclusion of his volume, he addresses himself especially to his brethren in a common faith, presenting the religious aspects of the question with great force of argument, and eloquent earnestness of appeal. Whatever incidental errors may be detected in his work, no intelligent reader can fail to be impressed with his manly adherence to principle, and his contempt of a shuffling, mendacious, compromising policy. With him, principles are interests, principles are successes; if success is not immediate, principles still remain; and are to be loved for themselves. He who believes in principles is sheltered behind an impregnable rampart; happen what may, he has done his duty; and moreover has practiced the soundest policy. Not the policy which lives on expedients, which asks counsels of the winds and stars, which is incapable of a noble daring, but creeps on from day to day, shifting its maxims according to circumstances, or the chances of success. With this faith in principle, the Count has taken sides with the United States from the commencement of the rebellion. He greeted from the first moment the uprising of the American people. He did not wait for the prospect of success, before giving them his warmest sympathy. He believed in them because he believed in the principles of eternal justice. These principles are the mighty bulwarks of their cause; they are the pledge of divine championship in their behalf; and before the world, the first moment of triumph over the South will secure their renown on earth. Crowds of people will everywhere be eager to celebrate their virtues and their greatness.

To the sympathy and faith of Count de Gasparin, the future gives certain promise of success. America will subdue the fearful evil which was devouring her vitals. The sixteenth President of the United States will not be the last. The eighty-fifth year of this people will not sound their "crack of doom." Their flag will come out of battle pierced with bullets and blackened with powder, but more glorious than ever, and without having lost in the struggle a single one of its thirty-four stars.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

THE POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. With a Memoir, by Charles Eliot Norton. 18mo. pp. 260. Ticknor & Fields.

The personal qualities of the late Arthur Hugh Clough exercised a charm over an enthusiastic circle of friends, which will hardly be found at first by the stranger in the perusal of his literary remains. He was a man of rare and singularly beautiful endowments, but the power of artistic expression seems not to have been granted him in adequate degree. His nature was cast in a fine mold; he possessed the moral inspiration which almost stands in the place of genius; with deep earnestness of purpose, he had a turn for playful humor, which was only not conspicuous because his mind was absorbed in the solution of profound problems. A stern integrity was at the foundation of his being. His love of truth was simple and absolute. Not even Carlyle himself could evince a keener detestation of everything like pretense and "sham." He submitted the legends of ages to curious inquisition; no prestige of tradition or authority could disturb the even balance of his intellect; he bore the same sense of duty into the investigation of truth, as into the action of life; for in his view, intellectual conscientiousness was among the noblest of virtues. In many respects, his experience was a genuine reproduction of the spirit of the age. With a devout and tender nature, of which religious emotion was almost the necessary outgrowth, he found no contentment in prevailing theories; he was unwilling to enshrine invisible realities in visible forms; or to postpone the decisions of reason to the suggestions of the imagination. His distrust of dogmatism was not combined with a destructive spirit, or with any trace of bitterness. He was always gentle, tolerant, considerate. He did not regard the doubts which sprang up in the progress of research and reflection as weapons of offense, or sources of amusement. If his mental scrutiny was bold and unshrinking, it was also modest and reverent. His mind was deeply contemplative, prone to abstract speculation, loving to plunge into the profoundest abyss of thought, and to soar on the highest wing of fancy; but his affections suffered no chill, his sympathies were always alive, his interest in the affairs of daily life sincere and prompt, causing him to be courted as a companion, and beloved as a friend.

Mr. Clough was born at Liverpool, Jan. 1, 1819, received his early education at the famous Rugby school, under the charge of Dr. Arnold, and after passing through his academic career at Oxford became a fellow of Oriel College in that university. In 1848-49, he entered with great earnestness into the revolutionary struggle which at that time agitated Europe. He was in Paris directly after the barricades, and in Rome during the siege, where he gained the friendship of Saffi and other leading Italian patriots. Soon after his return from Italy, he was appointed to the professorship of the English language and literature in University College, London, which place he filled, although not entirely congenial, until the year 1852. After resigning this office, he determined to visit the United States, with a view to permanent settlement in this country, should circumstances prove favorable. He arrived in Boston in the autumn of 1852, but, as we are informed in this memoir, returned to England in the following July, remaining here for about the space of eight months. We had supposed that his residence in the vicinity of Boston was of longer date, but brief as it was, it gave him the opportunity of forming many intimate acquaintances, and winning an admiration and love which it is the happiness of few men to enjoy. "He at once established himself at Cambridge, proposing to give instruction to young men preparing for college, or to take on in more advanced studies those who had completed the collegiate course. He speedily won the friendship of those whose friendship was best worth having in Boston and its neighborhood. His thorough scholarship, the result of the best English training, and his intrinsic qualities, caused his society to be sought and prized by the most cultivated and thoughtful men. He had nothing of insular narrowness, and none of the hereditary prejudices which too often interfere with the capacity of English travelers or residents among us to sympathize with and justly understand habits of life and of thought so different from those to which they have been accustomed. His liberal sentiments and his independence of thought harmonized with the new social conditions in which he found himself, and with the essential spirit of American life. The intellectual freedom and animation of this country were congenial to his disposition." Upon his return to England, he received an appointment in the Education Department of the Privy Council, was married a few months after, established himself in a house in London, and settled down to the hard routine work of his office. He continued in this employment for several years, when his health, which had long been delicate, gave way under the pressure of uninterrupted toil. Early in 1861, he was obliged to leave off work, and was ordered to travel abroad. He went to Greece and Constantinople, enjoying keenly the charms of scenery and association, but returned to England in July, with but little improvement of his health. After a happy three weeks at home, he went abroad again, spending some time with his friends the Tennysons in Auvergne and among the Pyrenees. In September he was joined by his wife in Paris, and thence went with her through Switzerland to Italy: but had scarcely reached Florence before he was attacked with malaria fever; his enfeebled constitution could not rally; he sank gradually away, and died on the 13th of November. He was buried in the little Protestant cemetery at Florence—a spot which contains the ashes of Theodore Parker,—"where the tall cypresses rise over the graves, and the beautiful hills keep guard around."

Mr. Clough's principal literary production is a quaint hexameter pastoral, entitled "The Bothie of Tober na-Vuolich," describing the adventures of a party of Oxford students on a vacation ramble among the highlands of Scotland. This was reprinted at Cambridge, in 1849, at the instance, we believe, of Mr. R. W. Emerson, and at once became a favorite in a limited, though very intelligent circle of admirers. In its external form, it is certainly repulsive to the taste of many readers, but its inner spirit is of a rich and delicious flavor, and every genuine lover of poetry, who approaches it in the exercise of a catholic appreciation, will find an ever increasing charm in the fresh and natural vividness of its descriptions, its subtle development of passion, its robust and masculine vigor of conception, its affluence of imagery and illustration, and its pervading tone of large-hearted, tenderly-sympathetic, and strong-grasping humanity. The poem is so thoroughly unique in its character, forming, at the same time, a rugged symmetrical whole, that no quotations can give more than the faintest idea of its peculiarities. We venture, however, on a single extract, foreshadowing the result of Philip's vacation tour in the highlands and his visit to the "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich."

But on the morrow Elspie kept out of the way of Philip;
And at the evening seat, when he took her hand by the alders,
Drew it back, saying, almost peevishly,
No, Mr. Philip,
I was quite right, last night; it is too soon, too sudden.
What I told you before was foolish perhaps, was hasty.
When I think it over, I am shocked and terrified at it.
Not that at all I unsay it; that is, I know I said it,
And when I said it, felt it. But oh, we must wait, Mr. Philip!
We must n't pull ourselves at the great key-stone of the center;
Some one else up above must hold it, fit it, and fix it;
If we try ourselves, we shall only damage the arch way,
Damage all our own work that we wrought, our painful up-building.
When, you remember, you took my hand last evening, talking,
I was all over a tremble: and as you pressed the fingers
After, and afterward kissed it, I could not speak.
And then, too,
As we went home, you kissed me for saying your name. It was dreadful.
I have been kissed before, she added, blushing slightly,
I have been kissed more than once by Donald my cousin, and others;
It is the way of the lads, and I make up my mind not to mind it;
But Mr. Philip, last night, and from you, it was different quite, Sir.
When I think of all that, I am shocked and terrified at it.
Yes, it is dreadful to me.
She paused, but quickly continued,
Smiling almost fiercely, continued, looking upward.
You are too strong, you see, Mr. Philip! just like the sea there,
Which *will* come, through the straits and all between the mountains,
Forcing its great strong tide into every nook and inlet,
Getting far in, up the quiet stream of sweet inland water,
Sucking it up, and stopping it, turning it, driving it backward,
Quite preventing its own quiet running: and then, soon after,
Back it goes off, leaving weeds on the shore, and wrack and uncleanness:
And the poor burn in the glen tries again its peaceful running,
But it is brackish and tainted, and all its banks in disorder.
That was what I dreamt all last night. I was the burnie,
Trying to get along through the tyrannous brine, and could not;
I was confined and squeezed in the coils of the great salt tide, that
Would mix in itself with me, and change me; I felt myself changing;
And I struggled, and screamed, I believe, in my dream. It was dreadful.
You are too strong, Mr. Philip! I am but a poor slender burnie,
Used to the glens and the rocks, the rowan and birch of the woodies,
Quite unused to the great salt sea; quite afraid and unwilling.
Ere she had spoken two words, had Philip released her fingers:
As she went on, he recoiled, fell back, and shook, and shivered;
There he stood, looking pale and ghastly; when she had ended,
Answering in hollow voice,
It is true; oh quite true, Elspie;
Oh, you are always right; oh, what, what have I been doing?
I will depart to-morrow. But oh, forget me not wholly,
Wholly, Elspie, nor hate me, no, do not hate me, my Elspie.
But a revulsion passed through the brain and bosom of Elspie,
And she got up from her seat on the rock; putting by her knitting;
Went to him, where he stood, and answered:
No, Mr. Philip,
No, you are good, Mr. Philip, and gentle; and I am the foolish;
No, Mr. Philip, forgive me.
She stepped right to him, and boldly
Took up his hand, and placed it in hers; he daring no movement;
Took up the cold hanging hand, up forcing the heavy elbow.
I am afraid, she said, but I will! and kissed the fingers.
And he fell on his knees and kissed her own past counting.
But a revulsion wrought in the brain and bosom of Elspie;
And the passion she just had compared to the vehement ocean,
Urging in high spring-tide its masterful way through the mountains,
Forcing and flooding the silvery stream, as it runs from the inland;
That great power withdrawn, receding here and passive,
Felt she in myriad springs, her sources, far in the mountains,
Stirring, collecting, rising, upheaving, forth-outflowing,
Taking and joining, right welcome, that delicate rill in the valley,
Filling it, making it strong, and still descending, seeking,
With a blind forefeeling descending ever, and seeking,
With a delicious forefeeling, the great still sea before it;
There deep into it, far, to carry, and lose in its bosom,
Waters that still from their sources exhaustless are fain to be added.
As he was kissing her fingers, and knelt on the ground before her,
Yielding backward she sank to her seat, and of what she was doing,
Ignorant, bewildered, in sweet multitudinous vague emotion,
Stooping, knowing not what, put her lips to the hair on his forehead:
And Philip, raising himself, gently, for the first time, round her
Passing his arms, close, close, enfolded her, close to his bosom.
As they went home by the moon, Forgive me, Philip, she whispered;
I have so many things to think of, all of a sudden;
I who had never once thought a thing,—in my ignorant Highlands.

The smaller pieces in this volume are remarkable for their deep vein of reflection, usually pensive, sometimes sad, as the utterance of a thinker who has been baffled in his attempt to fathom the mysteries of life and the universe. The expression of joy, welling up from the depths of a heart that has ceased to struggle with fate, is indeed rare. But though dwelling on the more somber aspects of human experience, these poems reveal no taint of morbid feeling. Nothing effeminate, nothing querulous, nothing despondent, impairs their natural strength. If not attractive by a cheerful coloring, they show a bold and resolute, as well as earnest spirit. Many of them are weighty with suggestions of profoundest wisdom, conveyed beneath a vail of delicate irony, or of subtle allusion. Not a few exhibit a gem-like accuracy of finish, betraying the eye and the hand of the genuine artist. The following is not without the "dainty sweetness" of melancholy.

My wind is turned to bitter north,
That was so soft a south before;
My sky, that shone so sunny bright,
With foggy gloom is clouded o'er:
My gay green leaves are yellow-black,
Upon the dank autumnal floor;
For love, departed once, comes back
No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,
For winds to blow and rains to pour;
One frosty night befell, and lo,
I find my summer days are o'er:
The heart bereaved, of why and how
Unknowing, knows that yet before
It had what e'en to Memory now
Returns no more, no more.

A little poem very characteristic of the curious blending of hope with doubt which was the dominant tone of the author's mind is the following:

Some future day, when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference passed like dreams away,
We 'll meet again, upon some future day.

When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
The tall, rank weeds that clomb the blade above,
And all but it has yielded to decay,
We 'll meet again, upon some future day.

When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wider world, and learnt what 's now unknown,
Have made life clear, and worked out each a way,
We 'll meet again,—we shall have much to say.

With happier mood, and feelings born anew,
Our boyhood's bygone fancies we 'll review,
Talk o'er old talk, play as we used to play,
And meet again, on many a future day.

Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed—ye winds and water's, say!—
Meet yet again, upon some future day.

We subjoin another in the same strain:

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know,
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace!
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights, when wild Northwesters rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

The memoir by Mr. C. E. Norton which introduces the volume is in excellent taste. Graceful and modest in expression, the writer makes no extravagant claims in behalf of his friend; but cannot quite conceal the fullness of sympathy and reverence which has prompted its composition.

A second series of TRAIN'S *Union Speeches*, delivered on various occasions in England since the commencement of the present civil war, is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers. They exhibit all the patriotism, zeal, audacity, and rhetorical fury which characterize the former productions of the unquenchable young American.

Books Received.

Friends in Council. New Series. 2 vols. 12mo. James Miller.
The Mystery. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 8vo. pp. 216. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.
History of Friedrich the Second. By Thomas Carlyle. vol. III. 12mo. pp. 598. Harper & Brothers.
A System of Logic. By P. McGregor. 12mo. pp. 469. The Same.
Northern Travel. By Bayard Taylor. 12mo. pp. 436. G. P. Putnam.
Essays on Art. By Goethe. Translated by Samuel Gray Ward. 12mo. pp. 263. James Miller.
The Adventures of Philip. By W. M. Thackery. 8vo. pp. 207. Harper & Brothers.
First Book of Chemistry. By Worthington Hooker, M. D. 12mo. pp. 251. The Same.
Bribes. 12mo. pp. 255. J. B. Lippincott & Co.
Hardee's Tactics. 18mo. pp. 240. John Bradburn.
Ventilation and Warming Buildings. 8vo. pp. 106. G. P. Putnam.
Summary of the Art of War. By Emil Schalk. 12mo. pp. 182. J. B. Lippincott & Co.
Like and Unlike. A Novel. By A. S. Roe. 12mo. pp. 501. Carleton.
Les Miserables. Saint Denis. Part IV. 8vo. pp. 184. Carleton.

SPOUTING ROCK LETTERS.

From Our Special Correspondent.

SPOUTING ROCK, Sept. 15, 1862.

I have recently been passing some charming days with some near and dear friends of old John Brown. It would seem to have become less of a crime to have known or to name him. This gentleman, who was known to have assisted the Captain more than any other person in a pecuniary way, tells me that in those days his fellow-merchants "cut" him in the streets. He pursued the bo-peep policy with them ("let them alone"), and, sure enough, taught by events:

"They all came home,
And brought their tails behind them."

Their right hands are extended again to him, with confessions of hastiness! Few are found now to speak in hasty condemnation of "the raid of John Brown;" but many sigh: Alas, had we now such a man in Virginia!

In this house the hero stood! Yes, its inmates, with moist eyes point and say, "There is where he sat when last here; with that boy he played; here is the Bowie-knife which Clay Pate, in Kansas, took along when seeking Brown's blood. Brown made him surrender it, and gave it to us for a keepsake; here is a bit of his hair and his beard, taken from him after death." Such things as these fond hearts are embalming all over the loyal States.

But most was I moved by a letter which has never been published, written in Charlestown jail to the wife of the gentleman to whom I refer, written on the verge of the Dark Valley. This letter is the only one which never passed through his jailor's hands; it was found between the leaves of a book by Brown's widow a long time afterward. The close reader will observe how the old man strives to convey farewells to more than one person, but is afraid to call any names for fear the letter may fall into hostile hands and involve some one. Two tear-marks are on the paper. It was, as will be seen, one of the last things ever written by him:

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson Co., Va., Nov. 22, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND: No letter have I received since my imprisonment here, has given me more comfort than yours of the 8th inst. I am quite cheerful and was never more happy. Have only time to write you a word. May God reward you *and all yours*. My love to all who love their neighbors. I have asked to be spared from having any mark or hypocritical prayers made over me when I am publicly murdered, and that my only religious attendants be poor little dirty, ragged, bare-headed, barefooted, slave boys and girls, led by some gray-headed slave-mother. Farewell! Farewell! Your friend,

JOHN BROWN.

That last unanswered request of the old Captain, and that kiss which, on his way to the gallows, he gave to the negro child, remind me of that striking verse of the Persian poet:

"On the last day men shall wear
On their heads the dust,
As ensign and as ornament,
Of their lowly trust."

But here is another letter, one sentence from which, written amid the darkest days of Kansas, may well be given first in these days which seem to repeat those fearfully extended: "I cannot remember a night so dark as to hinder the coming day; nor a storm so furious and dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky." With such heart did the heroes who saved Kansas strive, and so shall it be to that nation whose defenders shall bear through the struggle the same heart and hope! Those men who were gathered around Ossawattomie Brown—to whom, more than to any one man the freedom of Kansas is due to-day—were *unconditional* champions of liberty. On one occasion, when the Kansas Aid Committee were a little timid and spoke of the rifles they gave being used only in such and such contingency, Brown spoke out for the rest, "Gentleman, we had rather have one rifle without 'contingencies' than two hundred with them!"

But here is a third letter, and one more remarkable than either of the others. It was found lately among the papers of Theodore Parker, though not directed to him. It was written when the idea of an armed attack on Slavery in Virginia was first conceived by him, and is dated nearly two years before the attack actually occurred. It is striking as indicating the purpose and devotion of the man, and dispels all idea of insanity as connected with him. In speaking of the plan he says: "*I expect nothing but to endure hardness; but I expect to achieve a great victory, even though it be like the last victory of Samson.*"

Wonderful, prophetic words! Here this man calmly and devotedly contemplates the alternative which really did occur. He sees that it may be what the eyes of men would call a failure, but so authentic is the voice which calls him to it that he feels that which may be the foolishness of men shall be the wisdom of God. Mr. Hawthorne in his late article "About War Matters" in *The Atlantic Monthly*, says that "any common sensible man must have enjoyed an intellectual satisfaction in seeing him (John Brown) hung, if only for his absurd miscalculation of probabilities." But it would seem from the above extract that John Brown had calculated the whole matter with amazing thoroughness, and saw that it would be sure to produce great results; although he is not bound to produce such results as Mr. Hawthorne can count and put into his pocket, as he might the results of writing a biographical romance of a Democratic President.

—And it did produce great results. He not only upset the old rotten sham with which traitors had superceded the pure Government handed down by our fathers, but he revealed the treachery of the underminers, and before it was too late for them to insure their nefarious end, when John Brown raised himself up on his elbow in prison, and said to Mason, Vallandigham & Co.: "Gentlemen, I warn you concerning this negro question. Put an end to it, or it will put an end to you, and sooner than you think." Slavery was seized with a panic, and precipitated the preparations for war. Had they waited longer, they had been stronger, or they might have had a weaker President, *perhaps*, than they have now to deal with. Well for us, they struck when they did.

But John Brown did more; he demonstrated the weakness of Slavery—demonstrated that the institution had so evil a conscience that a cow in the bushes could create a panic in its heart; showed that when striking for eternal justice, and against a great wrong, twenty-one men could do more in two days than this great army, which has just returned to Washington a wretched failure, could do in two years, *not* panoplied in the armor of God!

He has truly achieved a great victory—one like the last victory of Samson; and in its strength his soul is marching on this day! For him Wordsworth's noblest sonnet seems to have been written:

"Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee: earth, air, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

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MODEL BARNS OF THE SHAKERS.

Three Days among the Shakers of New-Lebanon—Their Mode of Life—Products and Manufactures—Their Religious and Political Opinions.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

NEW-YORK, Aug. 8, 1862.

I have just returned from a visit to the Society of Shakers, at New-Lebanon, Columbia County, N. Y. The main object of my visit was to see a new barn, lately completed, that I might describe it for the benefit of American farmers. As I saw and heard many other things which may be interesting to the readers of THE TRIBUNE, I propose to have a pleasant chat with them. I went up the Harlem Road upon the train that leaves Twenty-sixth street for Albany at 10½ o'clock, July 23. The date is of some importance, in connection with weather and crops. At that time most of the hay and rye near New-York was harvested, and oats turned yellow. The weather, however, was cool enough before night to make two stout woolen coats comfortable. Perhaps two degrees north by latitude, and another by elevation, made some difference, for I found most of the grass uncut, and some of the rye not ready, and oats all quite green, and Indian corn looking very unlike ripening this season. With that exception, the agricultural prospects all along the road looked most cheerful.

Reader, have you ever been up this road? If not, if you are a city resident, go out some day and see what a lovely country there is north of New-York City. Not a highly-improved, richly-cultivated region, but a very pleasant one to live in, and very healthy withal. It is undoubtedly the pleasantest railroad route for a pleasant excursion, out of New-York, with some charming mountain scenery on the right for a long distance, and many lovely spots to stop at all along the route. It has what some roads have not—an excellent place for hungry passengers to get a lunch at mid-day. I commend you to the good fare, and exemplary neatness, and good attention of those in attendance at Pawling's Station, 67 miles from New-York.

At Chatham, with the affix of Four Corners, which is 130 miles north of the city, we leave the Harlem Road and go eastward on the "Western Road" to Canaan, "Four Corners," and there take the Lebanon Springs stage, six miles of the eight, to that noted watering-place, to one equally noted as "Shaker Village." It is unlike any other than a Shaker village, because it shows no church spires, no tall manufactory chimneys, though there are numbers of buildings large enough for almost any manufacturing purposes. The largest are barns, the next largest are dwellings, and next work-shops for various purposes. There is an "Herb House" that is about the size of half a city block; and the "Meeting House," though wholly unlike a church, is as roomy as some of the largest city edifices.

Altogether the appearance of the village is unlike any other than its counterpart, everywhere to be found where there is a large settlement of Shakers. The location of the New-Lebanon village is upon the western slope of one of the spurs of the Green Mountains that projects from the more mountainous region of Vermont, down through Berkshire County, Massachusetts. The rock is generally a slaty limestone, and soil clayey, inclined to be wet and rather cold, and more fit for grazing than grain. It is not such a location in any respect, with one exception, and that is on account of its healthiness, as a purely agricultural people, living in community of interest, would naturally select. Indeed, it never was selected; it grew up out of a little neighborhood of believers who happened to live near together, whose little farms joined, who united their interests and lands, and out of that the Society has grown, and as they became able have purchased adjoining farms and "mountain land," until they have some six thousand acres adjoining, which is held by trustees for the use and benefit of the whole community, but is temporarily divided off in parcels and cultivated by six families, each of which conducts its affairs independent of the others, and manages all business matters by a family organization unconnected with the others, except upon general principles. In pecuniary affairs, each family is a separate community; each having its own elders, male and female, with their assistants, who are like fathers and mothers over the household, and the other members are like brothers and sisters; and, like any well-regulated family, living in love and harmony together; thus lives each family of Shakers.

Each society, wherever located, is conducted upon the same general principles, and divided into families in the same way.

There are in the United States eighteen societies of Shakers, located as follows: three in the State of New-York, viz., the first and largest at New-Lebanon, two and a half miles south of Lebanon Springs, 25 miles east of Albany; one at Watervliet, seven miles north-west of Albany; one at Groveland, Livingston County, four miles south of Mount Morris.

In Massachusetts there are four: One at Hancock, Berkshire County, three miles from the Lebanon Society Center, though the land of the two adjoins, and about five miles west of Pittsfield. Another at Tyringham, in the same county, is three miles south of South Lee. Another at Harvard, in Worcester County, is 30 miles north-west of Boston, two miles from Groton Junction Station. Another is seven miles west of Harvard, in Middlesex County.

In Connecticut, there is a society at Enfield, on the Connecticut River, three miles from the station at Thompsonville. It is eight miles by a pleasant road south of Springfield, Mass.

In New-Hampshire, there is a society at Canterbury, Merrimack County, twelve miles from Concord, northerly; and one at Enfield, Grafton County, twelve miles south-east of Dartmouth College.

In Maine, there is a society at Alfred, York County, 90 miles south-west of Portland; and one 25 miles north-west of that city, in New-Gloucester, Cumberland County.

In Ohio, there are four societies. One at Union Village, Warren County, four miles west of Lebanon, and 30 miles northwardly of Cincinnati. This is the parent Society of the Western States. Another at Watervliet, Montgomery County, six miles south-east of Dayton. One at Whitewater, Hamilton County, 22 miles north-west of Cincinnati. Another at South Union, Cuyahoga County, eight miles north-east of Cleveland.

In Kentucky, there are two societies. One at Pleasant Hill, Mercer County, seven miles east of Harrodsburg; and one at South Union, Logan County, fifteen miles north-east of Russelville. This last Society suffered last Winter a severe infliction, in having 700 Rebel cavalry quartered upon them, solely because these peace-loving people adhered to the Union and the cause of universal freedom, hating all wickedness, and particularly that which they daily witnessed among slave-owners.

I may as well remark here, that all the brotherhood, male and female, old and young, though noncombatant, are ardent friends of the Union army, and the cause which honest men suppose it is fighting for; and if they ever allowed hate to abide with them, would sincerely hate the infernal Rebellion, and those who have brought it upon the country. They long to see its cause abolished; so it is no wonder that the Rebel army at Bowling Green were ready enough to rob such inoffensive people.

Some of the leading tenets in the Shaker creed are: "Entire sexual purity; temperance in food and in all other things; plainness and simplicity in dress; neatness, industry, peace, charity to the poor, and